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GIVEN BY

ROBERT P. L. [unclear]



20



Winter Flowers

SONG.

BY

HERRMAN S. SARONI.

CHICAGO.

3

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Oct. 6, 1916

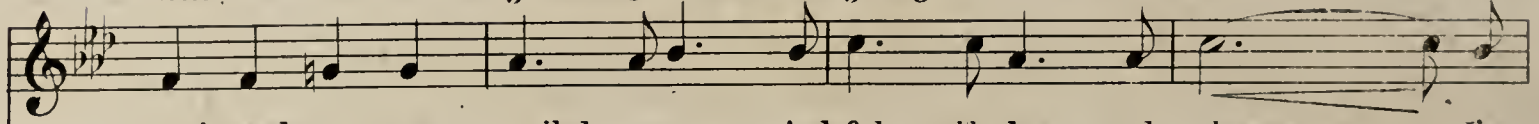
Winter Flowers.

H. S. SARONI.

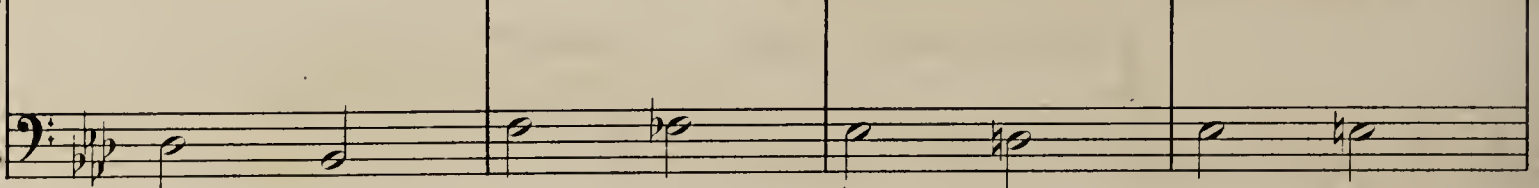
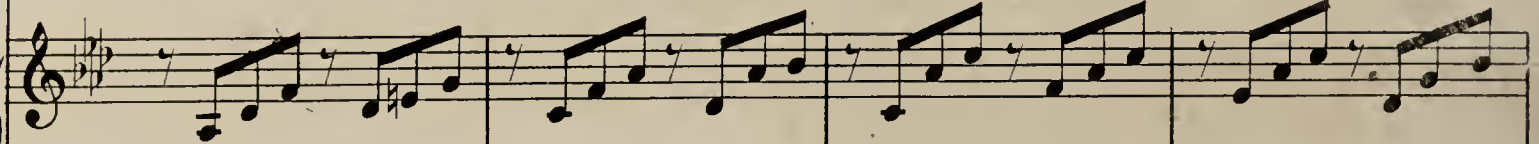
INTRODUCTION.

not the heart to cut them down, They were my gar-den's pride, And
 not the heart to cut them down, The dry and dus - ty flowers, That
 not the heart to cut them down, For du - ring sun - mer's heat, While

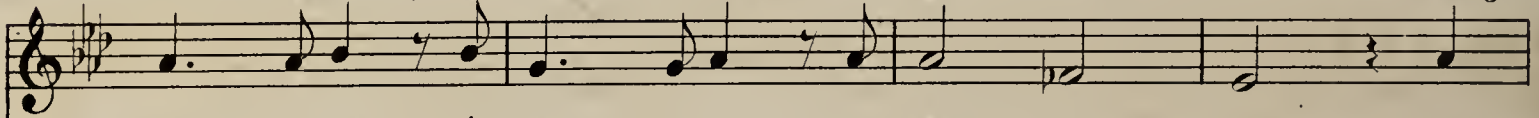
when the buds were fil - ly blown. Their fra-grance wandered wide I've



spring and sum-mer smiled up-on, And fed with dews and showers I've
pent with - in the sul - try town, They sprang up round my feet I've

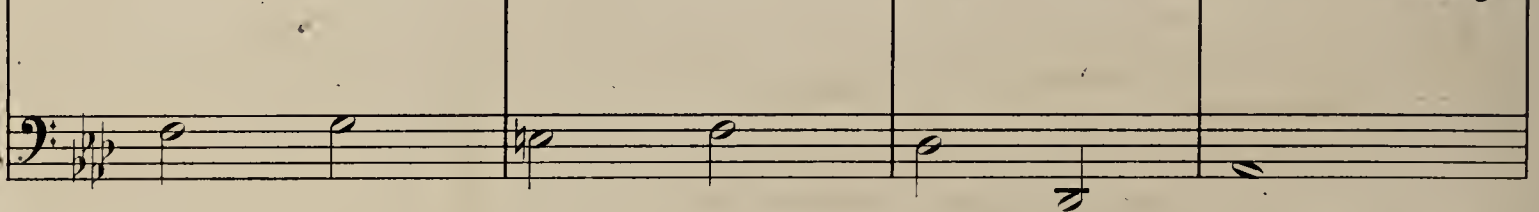


not the heart, I've not the heart to cut them down. They

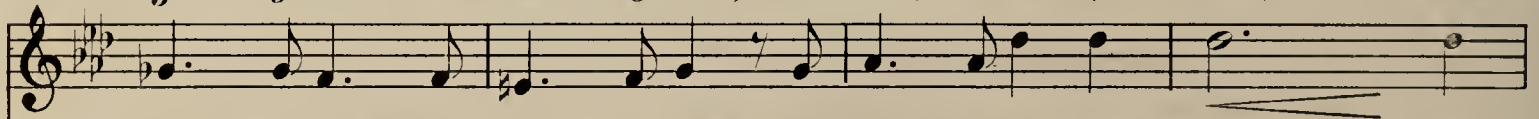


not the heart, I've not the heart to cut them down. I

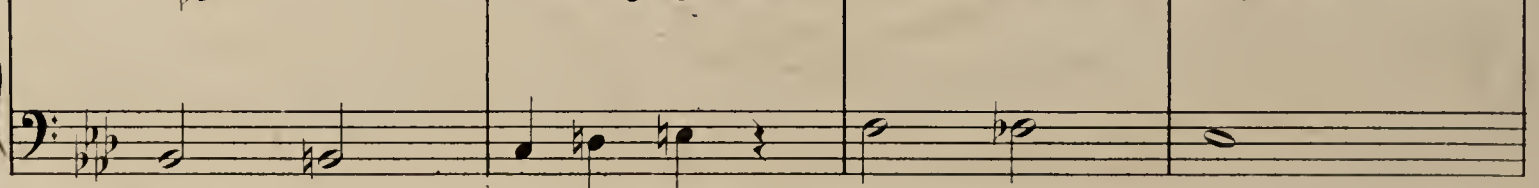
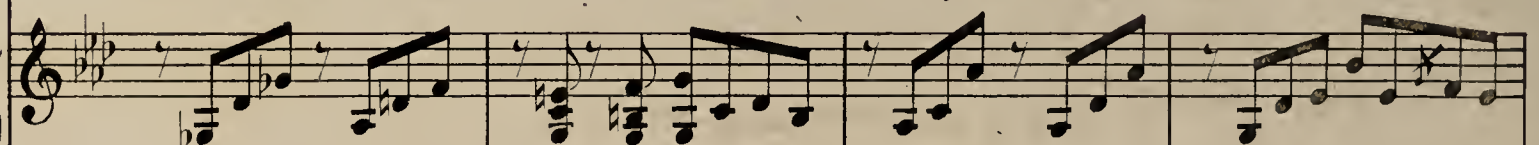
not the heart, I've not the heart to cut them down. They



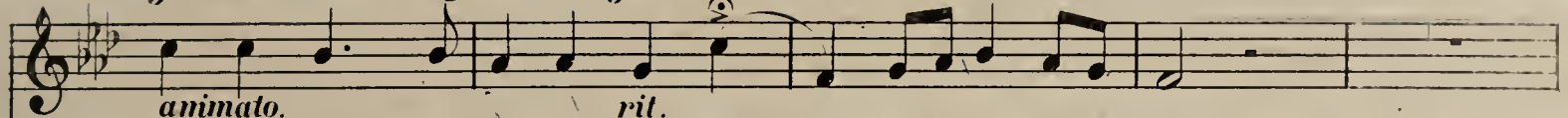
free - ly en - tered at my door, Be - low, a - round, a - bore, Till



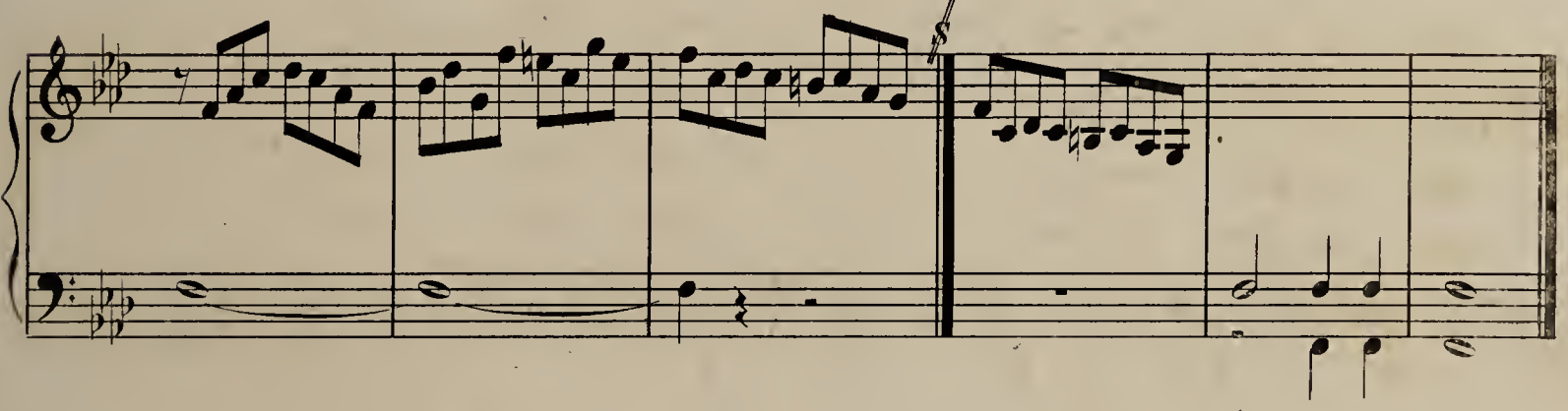
know they're dead, their leaves have flown, Their stalks are crisp and brown, Yet
looked up in my face and smiled And com - fort-ed my soul So,



from the ceil - ing to the floor, The house was sweet with love.



animato.
they may live till win - ter's gone, I can not cut them down.
rit.
that I, like a chastened child, En - dured my dai - ly dole.



IV.

I've not the heart to cut them down,

It may be they will fall

When winter casts his heavy crown

Of snow upon them all;—

I've not the heart, I've not the heart to cut them down.

Yet let them stand till spring shall lay

Her blessings on the earth,

Then, gently bear the dead away,

While kindred flowers have birth.

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